

The Academy

A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

No. 1414. Established 1869.

June 10, 1899.

Price Threepence.
[Registered as a Newspaper.]

The Literary Week.

THE International Congress of Publishers began its sittings on Wednesday. We propose next week to deal fully with the proceedings; but, meanwhile, it may be said that one of Mr. Murray's points, in his presidential address, was the danger now menacing literature by the gradual encroachment of journalism upon it. While readers had increased enormously in numbers, said Mr. Murray, their knowledge of what to read remained undeveloped. Hence the inundation of worthless ephemeral matter.

At the banquet at Stationers' Hall on Wednesday evening Mr. Lecky returned to the charge. "The danger to literature to-day," he said, "struck him to be that of over-production, and the condition of modern life was not altogether favourable to the best things in literature. His own idea of the way in which the best books were made was very simple. It was that a man should devote long months to a single task, and to concentrate on it all his energies and devote all his thoughts, and the result would probably be something of enduring value." This is perfectly right, but in order to be able to bear the loss on such kinds of literature publishers must also issue inferior and more saleable literature.

THE most popular books in America during the past month have been:

David Harum. Westcott.
When Knighthood Was in Flower. Caskoden.
Mr. Dooley: In Peace and in War. Dunne.
Red Rock. Page.
The Day's Work. Kipling.
Cruise of the "Cachalot". Bullen.
Aylwin. Watts-Dunton.

Of these all have an English edition except *When Knighthood Was in Flower*. This is an historical romance, with the love story of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and Mary Tudor for motive. A play has been made from the book. Of course it does not follow that because a book is successful in America it will be successful here. *David Harum* is a case in point. The author of *When Knighthood Was in Flower* is Mr. Charles Major, but he has taken the pseudonym of Edwin Caskoden, an imaginary descendant of the imaginary Tudor Caskoden from whose papers the story is compiled.

WE are asked to say that the statement that Mr. Meredith Townsend has ceased to write for the *Spectator* is based on a misunderstanding. Though Mr. Townsend has gone to live in the country, he will continue to write for the *Spectator* as before.

THE publishing firm of Copeland & Day, of Boston, have decided to give up business. English bibliophiles who possess some of the pretty and well-considered books issued from this well-known house will regret the decision.

WITH the first week in October the *Speaker* enters on a new career, as the organ of a group of young Oxford Liberals, whose political views, unless they have lately changed, may be found in a volume entitled *Essays in Liberalism*, which was published two or three years ago. Among those specially interested in the new *Speaker* will be Mr. J. L. Hammond, Mr. Philip Comyns Carr, Mr. Belloc (the author of *Danton*), Sir George Trevelyan's son, Mr. C. Trevelyan, M.P., Mr. Simon, and Mr. F. W. Hirst. The *Speaker* may therefore be expected to become more seriously a political organ than it has ever been. Sir Wemyss Reid, the present editor, who is retiring from journalism altogether in the autumn, will retain a proprietary interest in the paper.

M. ZOLA is returned like Ulysses to his home in Paris. That home has been invaded by bailiffs and brickbats in his absence, but, says the special correspondent of the *St. James's Gazette*, "not a single *bibelot* has changed its place." The fine cathedral carvings on the staircase stand where they did, and the whole house is spick and reposed. Enter M. Zola. "It is my intention to write a book upon the Dreyfus affair." Of course. Now one thinks of it, that is just what M. Zola would do. The book will be a novel, and it will be the first-fruits of M. Zola's exile. And what of England? Have we interested or inspired M. Zola during his stay with us? "You know," said M. Zola to his interviewer, "that I am above all things a worker, an observer. I took advantage of my forced residence in England to glean as many facts as I could about the industrial conditions of the country, and my notes on the subject will form the basis of a future volume. Industrial questions have always interested me intensely. . . . I have gathered material together for a great book on England." So much for France and England. And then? Then "I shall resume my old habits of regular daily work—*nulla dies sine linea*—and become again the mere *littérateur*, without any political ambitions, just the artist absorbed in the accomplishment of an artistic aim." A brave man!

WE regret to hear of the serious illness of Mr. Massingham, editor of the *Daily Chronicle*. He has been ordered complete rest for three months, and has gone to Norway for that purpose. Mr. Fisher is in charge during his absence.

A LITTLE while ago a book was announced for publication under the title *The Choate Jest Book*, which was to be a collection of the good sayings of the new "American Ambassador" at St. James's. The publishers have now informed us that in deference to Mr. Choate's wishes on the subject they are suppressing the book.

WE are glad to see the success of *The Cruise of the "Cachalot"*. Mr. Bullen and his publishers must regret that that spirited book was not copyrighted across the Atlantic.

THE play which has been made from Ian Maclaren's Scotch idylls under the title "The Bonnie Brier Bush" has had so successful a *début* in America that we may be



PRESIDENT FINLEY, OF KNOX COLLEGE, GALESBURG, ILL.,
AND IAN MACLAREN.

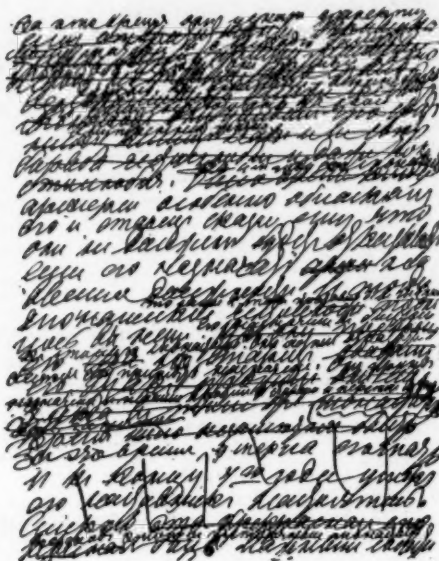
sure of seeing it here. The dramatisation was the work of Mr. James MacArthur, of the *Bookman*, in whose hands Archibald McKittrick, the postman, has been shaped into a humorous figure of the greatest value, capable almost of alone making the play. But the principal figure is Lachlan Campbell, whose daughter Flora contracts a Scotch marriage with Lord Hay, already affianced to Kate Carnegie. Misunderstandings riot until the end, when happiness is complete. Ian Maclaren himself witnessed the drama, and expressed himself quite satisfied. We reproduce a portrait of Ian Maclaren, taken in America.

THE celebration of the first centenary of the birth of Poushkin, the Russian poet and novelist, has been held all over Russia this week, and in this country a volume of translations from his poems, by Mr. Charles Edward Turner, English Lecturer in the University of St. Petersburg, has been issued to mark the event. English people know very little of Poushkin—much less than of Tolstoy, Turgenev, and even Dostoieffsky; but in Russia he is almost a hallowed name. As some commemoration of the centenary large sums of money have been raised to found scholarships, libraries, and schools in Poushkin's name.

WINSTON CHURCHILL is a sufficiently uncommon name, and yet two writers bearing it are now at work—one in America and one in England—and confusion seems likely to follow. Our own Mr. Winston Churchill is the brilliant son of the late Lord Randolph Churchill—a man of action, a politician, a special correspondent, and now, as a glance at *Macmillan's Magazine* shows, a novelist. The American Mr. Winston Churchill was originally intended for the Navy, but after graduating with distinction at the Naval Academy at Minneapolis, he turned to journalism and has since become a novelist. His first published book was an amusing satire, *The Celebrity*, which has gone into eight editions; he has now followed it with *Richard Carvel*, a historical romance of Maryland in the last century, which

promises to be very popular. Lord Randolph's son must write his name Winston Spencer Churchill, to avoid confusion.

TOLSTOY'S new novel, *The Awakening*, has been pronounced by good judges his best work for many years. In the Continental countries, where it is running serially in translation, it is followed with the deepest interest. It is causing also a vast deal of hostility in the Russian papers—the critics are at war on the subject. One of Tolstoy's most zealous supporters is Bourenin, who writes in the *Novoye Vremya* of St. Petersburg: "As elsewhere,



A PAGE FROM TOLSTOY'S NEW NOVEL.

L. H. Tolstoy in this work tells the plain, fundamental truth about our life. This truth is felt in the very first pages, and it has caused uneasiness among some. Truth is not loved anywhere, in Russia least of all; we prefer lies, especially lies wearing a liberal mask. The deeper, the more sincere the truth, the more forcibly it is expressed, the stronger is the opposition it arouses."

AN interesting letter appears in the *Westminster Gazette* as a commentary on the statement in Dr. Knapp's *Life of Borrow* that Borrow despised sherry. Therein we read: "It was in the early '60's, I think, that Borrow was a constant visitor to a family wine merchant's establishment in Bond-street (now out of existence), where I was then an assistant. He always had his order written out on a small piece of paper, from which he read, holding the paper very near his face. I believe his order was stereotyped, and I have a very distinct recollection of two of the invariable items, viz.:

- 1 dozen of Bass (pronounced base).
- ½ dozen Golden Vos (pronounced voss).

The latter was one of our brands of sherry, and should be V.O.S." Of course, as the writer of the letter remarks, there is no proof that Borrow drank the sherry, but the inference is that he did. Perhaps he confined his objections to other people's brands.

MR. H. C. SHELLEY, writing in the *Fortnightly* upon Thomas Hood's first centenary, hints at a rich collection of his letters still unpublished. From the specimens given they should certainly make a very charming volume. They are not great, but fresh and gay, and very happily

turned. Here is a piece of sheer domesticity, written by Hood on his honeymoon at Hastings to his wife's sisters :

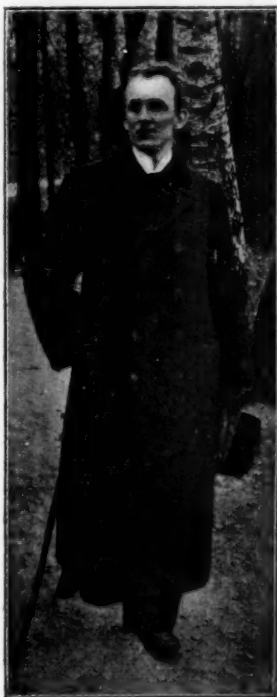
I shall leave Jane to explain to you why we have not written sooner, and betake myself at once to fill up my share of the letter; Jane meanwhile resting her two sprained ankles, worn out with walking, or rolling rather, upon the pebbly beach; for she is not, as she says, the shingle woman that she used to be. This morning I took her up to the Castle, and it would have amused you, after I had hauled her up with great labour one of its giddy steep, to see her contemplating her re-descent. Behind her, an unkindly wall, in which there was no door to admit us from the level ridge to which we had attained; before her, nothing but the inevitable steep. At the first glance downwards she seemed to comprehend that she must stay there all the day, and, as I generally do, I thought with her. We are neither of us a chamois, but after a good deal of joint scuffling and scrambling and kicking I got her down again upon the *Doums*. I am almost afraid to tell you that we wished for our dear Marianne to share with us in the prospect from above. I had the pleasure besides of groping with her up a little corkscrew staircase in a ruined turret, and seeing her poke her head like a sweep out at the top. The place was so small methought it was like exploring a marrow bone.

MR. SHELLEY gives also two specimens from Hood's letters in later life to children, which are delightfully tintured with nonsense. We quote one of them :

I wish there were such nice green hills here as there are at Sandgate. They must be very nice to roll down, especially if there are no furze bushes to prickle one at the bottom! Do you remember how the thorns stuck in us like a penn'orth of mixed pins at Wanstead? I have been very ill, and am so thin now I could stick myself into a prickle. My legs, in particular, are so wasted away that somebody says my pins are only needles; and I am so weak, I dare say you could push me down on the floor, and right through the carpet, unless it was a strong pattern. I am sure if I were at Sandgate you could carry me to the post-office and fetch my letters.

We hope that a volume of such letters may come.

APROPOS of new letters of notable writers, the annotated edition of Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, which Mr. C. K. Shorter is preparing, will contain forty or more hitherto unpublished letters from Charlotte Brontë to Mr. George Smith.



GERHART HAUPTMANN.

HAUPTMANN'S play, "Führmann Henschel," which has been recently played in German, in New York, with great success, might well be tried here in an English translation. The theme is very gloomy, but that is no objection whatever, provided the human nature of the drama is credible. The hero is a teamster, who, after promising his wife on her death-bed not to marry a certain woman, marries her, distrusts her, believes her guilty of the death of his child and first wife, and finally kills himself as an escape from his suspicions and wretchedness.

APROPOS of C. S. Calverley, a criticism of whose works was printed in last week's ACADEMY, a good story is told in the *Life and Memoirs of the Rev. R. H. Quick*, just published. Calverley was examining at Cheltenham. At the proper time he did not appear. There was a dead pause for a long time; nobody knew what had happened. At last Calverley walked in, and remarked to the headmaster that he should have been earlier, but that "after breakfast he had inadvertently lighted a cigar." Yet, as has been pointed out, Calverley omitted the after-breakfast cigar from his ode in praise of tobacco. "Sweet when the morn is grey, Sweet when they've cleared away Lunch, and at close of day Possibly sweetest."

MRS. ATHERTON'S lecture on Literary London, which is printed in the *Bookman*, is sprightly but not very informing reading. The address, says Mrs. Atherton, was prepared for a Washington club where speech is as free as at an afternoon tea: hence in making a transcript for a London periodical she has had to omit many passages. Considering what remains those passages must have been very piquant. It cannot be said that Mrs. Atherton's knowledge of literary London is extensive. She has attended, it seems, dinner at the Authors' Club and the Vagabonds' Club, and has accepted the hospitality of certain tiny flats. But what of the literary Londoners who do not dine together and who do not live in tiny and talkative flats? There is too much readiness in our visitors to assume that where there is most noise there is most activity. When it comes to criticism Mrs. Atherton puts herself out of court. A writer who admits to having read and re-read Mrs. Meynell's essays "without receiving the slightest intellectual impression" is hardly to be taken seriously when she pronounces judgment on Mr. Meredith and Mr. Hardy, Mr. Henley and Lucas Malet.

In the new instalment of Stevenson's letters in *Scribner's* there is a criticism of *The Egoist*, in a letter to Mr. Henley in 1882 :

Talking of Meredith, I have just re-read for the third and fourth time *The Egoist*. When I shall have read it the sixth or seventh time, I begin to see I shall know about it. You will be astonished when you come to read it; I had no idea of the matter—human, red matter he has contrived to plug and pack into that strange and admirable book. Willoughby is, of course, a pure discovery; a complete set of nerves, not heretofore examined, and yet running all over the human body—a suit of nerves. Clara is the best girl I ever saw anywhere. Vernon is almost as good. The manner and the faults of the book greatly justify themselves on further study. Only Dr. Middleton does not hang together; and Ladies Busshe and Culmer *sont des monstruosités*. Vernon's conduct makes a wonderful odd contrast with Daniel Deronda's. I see more and more that Meredith is built for immortality.

STEVENSON continues :

Talking of which, Heywood, as a small immortal, an immortaleet, claims some attention. *The Woman Killed with Kindness* is one of the most striking novels—not plays, though it's more of a play than anything else of his—I ever read. He had such a sweet, sound soul, the old boy. The death of the two pirates in *Fortune by Sea and Land* is a document. He had obviously been present, and heard Purser and Clinton take death by the beard with similar braggadocios. Purser and Clinton, names of pirates; Scarlet and Bobbington, names of highwaymen. He had the touch of names, I think. No man I ever knew had such a sense, such a tact for English nomenclature: Rainsforth, Lacy, Audley, Forrest, Acton, Spencer, Frankford—so his names run.

MR. COLVIN also prints some very characteristic and amusing verses from R. L. S. to Mr. A. G. Dew Smith, written at Davos in 1880, in return for a present of cigar-

ettes. This passage is particularly good—Stevenson is enumerating the dull features of the place, and comes in time to the river:

A river that from morn to night
Down all the valleys plays the fool;
Not once she pauses in her flight,
Nor knows the comfort of a pool;
But still keeps up, by straight or bend,
The self-same pace she hath begun—
Still hurry, hurry, to the end—
Good God, is that the way to run?
If I a river were, I hope
That I should better realise
The opportunities and scope
Of that romantic enterprise.
I should not ape the merely strange,
But aim besides at the divine;
And continuity and change
I still should labour to combine.
Here should I gallop down the race,
Here charge the sterling like a bull
There, as a man might wipe his face,
Lie, pleased and panting, in a pool.

A VERY able and sympathetic account of the late Dr. Wallace, M.P. for Edinburgh, appeared in Wednesday's *Chronicle* from the pen of its Parliamentary representative: a specimen of what the obituary notice of an interesting man should be. This description of Dr. Wallace's oratorical manner is very good:

What was it that gave to all these speeches their tone and style—which made them so distinct from anything else one hears in the House of Commons? It was the unique combination of influences that went to make up the speaker's character. First, underlying all, there was the training of the pulpit—the note of the preacher, with his tendency to moralise, to improve the occasion; then there was the intellectual independence and curiosity of the philosopher grafted on the subtlety of the theologian; and over all these strata there was the rich vegetation of this passing world—the epicurean pleasure in life, the passion for a rich phrase or a good story.

"He was," the writer sums up, "the true 'freethinker' of the House of Commons, for his thought was unbiassed by party. . . . The last the House of Commons saw of one of its most versatile sons was as he was carried out by Mr. Burns, crumpled up in his stalwart arms, like a sick child."

ONE of the many stories told of the late Dr. Wallace, M.P., is to the effect that when the editor of a local paper in the North asked him "if he would kindly furnish an article on a 'light theological topic,'" Wallace responded with one bearing the title, "The Relations between the Presbyterian Churches and Modern Thought." When set up the article made forty columns, and it became a puzzle to editor and printer how to get rid of it. They began by using it in pieces, and whenever the printer said to the editor: "We've got no leader," the reply was: "Eh, mon, just sneek off about a column and a quarter o' Wallace." In this way the contribution was being used, first working down from the beginning, then upwards from the end. And, says the *Westminster Gazette*, "they are at it still."

THE Dante Society has listened with pleasure to the Italian Ambassador's discourse on Dante as a business man. Baron de Renzis, speaking in Tuscan, showed that Dante had a supreme contempt for the business man pure and simple, and that he regarded the commercial rise of Florence with indifference. Mr. Alfred Austin also spoke. It was announced that Signor Scartazzini, the greatest living authority on Dante, might probably be induced to deliver lectures in this country in the autumn.

Bibliographical.

APPROPOS of what Mr. Meredith Townsend says in the *Cornhill* about the respective literary merits of Mrs. Oliphant and Charlotte Brontë, it is interesting to turn to the judgment on Miss Brontë pronounced by Mrs. Oliphant in one of the last things she wrote for publication—the essay she contributed to *Women Novelists of Queen Victoria's Reign* in 1897. Therein we find Mrs. Oliphant declaring that the books on which Miss Brontë's "tremendous reputation" is based "are not great books." "Their philosophy of life," she writes, "is that of a school-girl, their knowledge of the world almost nil, and their conclusions confused by the haste and passion of a mind self-centered and working in the narrowest orbit. It is rather the most incisive and realistic art of portraiture than any exercise of the nobler arts of fiction—imagination, combination, construction—or humorous survey of life, or deep apprehension of its problems, upon which this fame is built." Miss Brontë's genius, Mrs. Oliphant admitted, was "unmistakable"; but "the life of which it had command was seldom attractive, often narrow, local, and of a kind which meant keen personal satire more than any broader view of human existence."

By the way, the contemporary which first announced the death of Miss Edith Heraud somehow forgot to mention that not so very long ago she came to the fore again as the biographer of her father, Mr. J. A. Heraud. The memoir was essentially amateurish in style and form, but it had some elements of freshness, containing a few letters by Southey hitherto unpublished.

A correspondent is good enough to inform me of the fact that Miss A. M. Clerke and Miss E. M. Clerke, mentioned by me last week, are sisters. And *apropos* the two Winston Churchills, referred to elsewhere, it is bad enough that there should be an American Robert Bridges as well as an English Robert Bridges. A man has a right to his name, but it is a right which he might well modify when the public good seems to suggest that course.

In Mrs. Atherton's admittedly truncated discourse on "Literary London" I find this passage: "When a new writer appears whose every sentence glitters, they [a certain group] prostrate themselves before him, be he poet or prose-writer, and hail him as a new genius. That he lacks the first essential of genius, the creative fire, does not worry them at all. That variety must be discovered by Dr. Robertson Nicoll, by the *Saturday Review*, or by, possibly, the *Spectator*." Does this last sentence explain how Mrs. Atherton's discourse came to figure in the current *Bookman*?

We have had of late years so many bookfuls of Reminiscences, Recollections, Memories, and the like, that one wonders how future "reminiscencers" will fare for the titles of their works. Any novelty in that direction deserves to be saluted, and so I take off my hat to Mr. E. L. Berthon, who promises us a *Retrospect of Eight Decades*. That is good; but even better is the *Seventy-one, Not Out*, of Mr. William Caffyn, the cricketer, which is at once accurate and *apropos*.

Mr. Clement Shorter, it seems, is to publish, sooner or later, a bibliographical catalogue of his library, which is sure to be of considerable interest to his brother bookmen. Something of this sort, it will be remembered, was done by Mr. Charles F. Blackburn, some five or six years ago, in a little volume called *Rambles Among Books*—the said books being those which he had himself collected.

I understand that "Cosmo Hamilton"—the name attached to two short novels which have met with praise of late—is the *nom-de-guerre* of a son of Mr. H. J. Gibbs, who is not unknown, I believe, in journalism.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Sir John Lubbock on Buds.

On Buds and Stipules. By the Right Hon. Sir John Lubbock, Bart, M.P. (Kegan Paul.)

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK is one of the few men of science who really know how to interest the general public: and in his new contribution to the "International Scientific Series" he has proved himself still as interesting as of old. Unfortunately, however, he has this time chosen as his theme a subject which does not in itself immediately commend itself to the lay intelligence. Most people, I imagine, have very vague ideas as to what manner of wild beast a stipule may be; they are not likely to be attracted at first sight by a discourse concerning so unknown a portion of plant anatomy. But they do know the meaning of the word bud: and I have therefore been kinder to Sir John Lubbock than he has been to his own subject by suppressing the stipules in the title of this article, and giving the buds a proper pre-eminence.

Buds, and especially what are known as "dormant buds," are the vouchers of the plant for future seasons. They are therefore in many cases the subject of extraordinary precaution on the part of the bush or tree which produces them—precautions against frost in cold climates, against the heat of the sun in dry or desert or tropical countries, and against browsing animals or egg-laying insects almost everywhere. The greater part of Sir John Lubbock's excellent and eminently readable treatise is devoted to an examination of these protective devices, many of which turn out to be most curious and unexpected. He shows how in certain tropical plants, such as the begonias, the older leaves arch over and shade the younger leaves and buds, so as to shelter them from the torrid heat of the midday, which would shrivel up and dry their tender tissues. Only in proportion as they become sufficiently hardened to stand the full rays of the equatorial sun do they begin in turn to weave the shade-roof for others instead of sheltering themselves under it. Sometimes, again, it is the apex of the shoot which encloses between its folded outer leaves two or three sets of younger and more delicate leaves, together with the bud which forms the actual growing-point. In the walnut, the base of the leaf-stalk is hollowed out into a sort of cup so as to enclose the bud; in the box-elder, a hump or protuberance actually grows out of the body of the leaf-stalk, and covers the precious hope of the race with a regular umbrella. The immense variety of these protective plans enumerated and illustrated by our observer is extremely striking: as elsewhere in nature, any part which happened to be most convenient in the particular species has been seized upon and modified for the purpose in hand. Sir John mentions among the principal modes of protection an expansion in the base of the preceding leaf, scales which represent modified outer leaves, sheathing stipules, spines, furry hairs, and gums, resins, and mucus. Of all these he gives abundant examples, with numerous figures; his researches into the structure and development of buds, and the varying nature of the scales which enclose them, are probably the fullest yet undertaken.

One curious case, however, very familiar to myself, he does not mention, though I doubt not so careful an observer must at some time have noticed it. The ever-green conifers are specially dependent for their future growth upon the bud at the summit of the principal axis, known to gardeners and foresters as "the leader." If the leader be destroyed, the upward growth of the tree ceases entirely as a rule, though occasionally a lateral shoot will begin to grow vertically instead of horizontally, and so replace the lost leader. This, however, is an exceptional instance; in most cases, when the leader is broken off or

killed by frost, it is all up with the vertical growth of the tree. Conifers accordingly take almost extravagant care of these leader buds, and in cold years or on bleak hills you will see the lateral buds and lateral shoots develop three or four weeks before the timid leader, the main hope of the tree, ventures to push off his outer brown coverings. The peculiarity is specially marked in the spruce fir and the beautiful blue-leaved *Picea nobilis*; but it occurs in other kinds of pine, and on the wind-swept hill where I live—Hind Head, in Surrey—it is common among most of the imported conifers.

Stipules are those little expansions, points, or projections at the base of the leaf-stalk which are present in a great many leaves, and which often undergo peculiar modifications in order to fit them for special functions. Vaucher long ago suggested the inquiry why some species of rock-roses possessed these appendages, while others lacked them. Sir John Lubbock has long engaged in a series of researches to answer this abstruse but pregnant question, and his observations have resulted in the establishment of certain principles of fundamental importance as to the nature and use of stipules in general. They seem to be an ancient portion of the architecture of the leaf which has survived or not in various species of plant according as some sufficient use has or has not been found for it under existing conditions. Sometimes, as in the common edible garden pea, the stipule forms the greater part of the foliar surface, and does most of the work of eating and assimilating carbon which elsewhere falls to the lot of the leaf or leaflets. This, however, though perhaps primordial, is now an exceptional and relatively rare use of the stipules; in most cases they are less expanded and leaf-like in appearance, and are told off to perform some more specialised and derivative work in the plant economy. One frequent use is to protect the buds; and sometimes, when closely allied species differ in the possession or non-possession of stipules, it is shown that where the stipules occur they are needed as a blanket for the bud, but where they do not occur it is because some other organ efficiently performs this protective function. Sometimes, again, the stipules, having lost even this secondary use, are utilised as thorns to keep off animals, or are employed as extra-floral nectaries to attract a body-guard of ants—friendly and well-disposed ants, which repel the attacks of their leaf-cutting congeners. Occasionally they are metamorphosed into hooked spines, which assist the plant in climbing, or they lengthen themselves out into tendrils, or they act as food reserves or tanks for water. All these modifications are admirably traced in detail by our author; and all of them illustrate well that infinite plasticity and multifariousness of nature which astonishes us the more the more we know of it.

On the question of the general philosophy of leaf structure however (if one must be critical), I can hardly believe that the last word has yet been said by Sir John Lubbock. I, for one, cannot see eye to eye with him. He says, in effect, the typical leaf may be considered to consist of four parts—the leaf-base, the stipules, the petiole or leaf-stalk, and the blade. But surely this, though still the accepted official account of the matter, is a view which descends to us from a pre-evolutionary age. Is it not more philosophical—because more historically true—to say that the typical leaf consists essentially of a blade, with midrib; that portions of the blade may be so narrowed down to the bare midrib as to produce a naked petiole or leaf-stalk, either continuously, in which case we have petiole and blade, or discontinuously, in which case we have petiole and leaflets, or petiole, blade, and stipules? Do stipules differ essentially, in short, from leaflets? Are they not just that portion of the more or less interrupted blade which adjoins the base, and has not their special liability to modification for special functions arisen from their position alone, which gives them, so to speak, liminal importance? Do we not see the practical identity

of stipule with leaf or leaflet in the Galiums, in the pea, in the pansy, in herb-bennet? Are not the simplest and most primitive leaves composed of blade alone; does not blade merge often into stipules; and do not stipules and leaflets show their community of origin in those numerous cases where blade and stipule are all but continuous? Among monocotyledons, again, do not stipules or analogues of stipules occur most of all in those rare cases like *Richardia africana*, where the blade has assumed a less ligulate shape, and closely approached the dicotyledonous type? These are questions of the deeper philosophy of leaves which one would like to ask Sir John Lubbock; and I have many more of the same sort, but this, perhaps, is hardly the place to pursue them. Suffice it to say that for the evolutionist, at least, stipules may be just portions of the general blade process separated more or less distinctly from the main mass—sometimes, indeed, very slightly separated—and often modified for special functions, though often also retaining the central and original function of the assimilation of carbon.

I have only touched here upon a few main points in a profoundly interesting and suggestive volume. I can promise that even those who take it up without an idea what stipules are will lay it down with a new-born desire to know more about the fascinating subject with which it deals. Spring is the one perennial romance—the romance that recurs as fresh as ever with every year. This little book is a key to the romance: it gives us the reason of many things we all observe in spring in such a way that what was before delightful, but mysterious, becomes now more delightful because comprehensible and instinct with plot interest.

GRANT ALLEN.

Prophet v. Novelist.

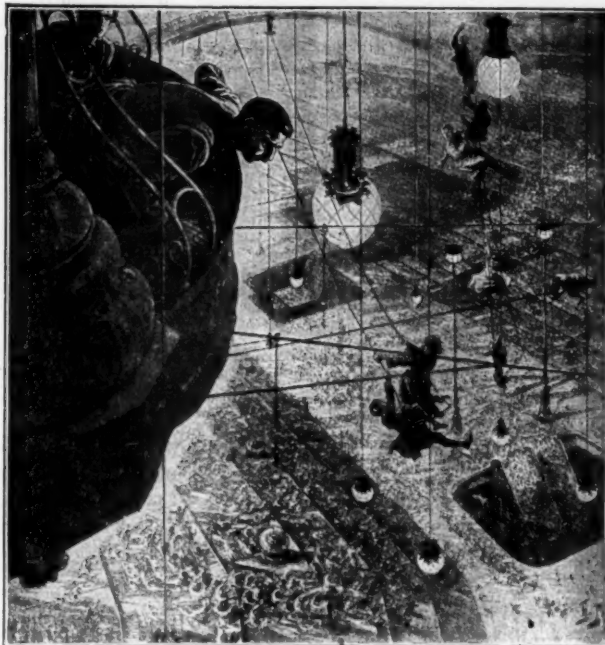
When the Sleeper Wakes. By H. G. Wells. (Harpers. 6s.)

MR. WELLS'S new book does more to lay emphasis on his cleverness than to entertain his readers. It resembles the intellectual pastime of a brilliant man: others may like it if they can, but the fact that its creator has been amused is really sufficient. Mr. Wells is a brilliant man, he is intensely interested in scientific developments, and somewhat interested in social problems. What more natural than that he should try his hand at the game of prophecy? The mistake he has made, we think, is not in prophesying, but in combining a story with his forecasts, and in labelling the result fiction. Because *When the Sleeper Wakes* thus becomes neither one thing nor the other: the reader who naturally expects another *War of the Worlds* will be disappointed, the reader who expects another *Looking Backward* will be disappointed; there is here neither the interest of the one nor the social fervour of the other.

Personally we are Anti-Vaticinators, we care nothing whatever for speculations concerning the future, nor can we believe that such vast changes as Mr. Wells describes could be effected in so short a time; but for good stories, such as Mr. Wells can tell, we have an appetite. Hence we rank ourselves with the disappointed too. But the disappointment does not blind us to the ingenuity which Mr. Wells has exerted to make his book credible and engaging. The details concerning Graham the Sleeper go as far towards persuading us as it is possible to go. Indeed, the first few chapters are practically convincing. The invention of the proverb, "When the Sleeper wakes," and its bearing upon the popular imagination, was an inspiration. And up to the point when Graham's escape from the Council House is managed, all goes well. Thenceforward, however, chaos reigns. To the end of time we shall not be clear as to how he made his entry into the theatre, or, indeed, how anyone could go anywhere in the cable-cradles which are to convey our great-great-grandchildren from one part of London to another. At this stage in his

book Mr. Wells is continually making too large a demand upon his readers. We doubt not that he himself visualised everything as he went on, but we completely fail to. The result is chaos. The reader must not be blamed: for he is asked in one moment to realise the new covered-in London of the twenty-second century, with its moving streets and stationary wayfarers, its electric daylight and phonograph newspapers, its gigantic edifices, its flying machines and net-work of cables; and the next instant the whole city is plunged in darkness and remains dark for several important chapters. Darkness in a novel is always confusing, but it is trebly so when the conditions are abnormal. Mr. Wells should have given us a map instead of the bewildering drawings which he does vouchsafe. A map might have saved us. As it is, the most careful perusal leaves the great fight a nightmare.

It is, however, in the middle chapters of the book that the argument is unfolded: hence it is well to persevere. Stated briefly, the Sleeper, by virtue of accumulated interest, has become the richest inhabitant of the world and therefore the master of it (for the new age is plutocratic), ruling through a Council of Twelve, who, while he



THE SLEEPER SURVEYS THE NEW LONDON.

sleeps, manage his affairs. They have not, however, absolute rule, for Ostrog has the control of the wind vanes, and the wind vanes supply London with air and motive power for all the complex machinery which governs daily life. Both the Council and Ostrog are for grinding the faces of the poor, but for political reasons Ostrog promises them (and they form an enormous proportion of the population) relief and consideration, and "When the Sleeper Wakes" has become, with them, a proverb signifying a variety of millennium. Well, the Sleeper does wake. Ostrog captures him from the Council and displays him to the people. The people rise, attack the Council House, and overthrow the Council. Ostrog then, having won supreme power, turns his back on them and proceeds to a worse tyranny even than the Council. Graham, urged on by Helen Wotton, Ostrog's niece, a relic of practical Christianity in an age of a blank materialism, attempts to defeat Ostrog's power, and in his endeavours the book closes, rather than ends.

If these things were set forth with the straightforward directness which Mr. Wells applied in his narrative of the invasion by Martians, all would be well.

But we have a thousand interruptions in order that the prophet in him, as well as the romancer, may have an innings. We are shown the men of the future eating and worshipping, gambling and working, dancing and flying. We are told about decimals and the new spelling, kinetoscope novels, and pleasure cities, and a thousand other matters of more or less interest, which have no positive relevance to the great adventure in which we are prepared at the outset to be interested. Possibly Mr. Wells's pessimistic speculations concerning the trend of civilisation are right, possibly they are mistaken. We hope with all our heart that they are wrong, although the conditions of the future, its slavery and machinery, are not likely to trouble us, personally. Perhaps it is enough to say of this part of the book that it reconciles us completely to life in the present era and the prospect of death in due course.

Fortunately, however, the romancer vanquishes the prophet just in time; and the end crowns the work—as a story. The last chapter narrates a battle royal in the air above the South London suburbs between the Sleeper, alone in an aeropile, and a fleet of gigantic aeroplanes, bringing the Black Police from Africa to London. The Black Police are coming by the order of Ostrog, and Graham the Sleeper devotes his last energies to preserving his people from their merciless rule. The fight is superb. Exactly how it is waged we cannot determine, or how an aeropile is navigated; but the mid-air sensation is there, as it is there in the earlier chapter describing Graham's first flight:

In a moment he was throbbing with the quiver of the engine, and the shouts dwindled swiftly behind, rushed down to silence. The wind whistled over the edges of the screen, and the world sank away from him very swiftly.

Throb, throb, throb—throb, throb, throb; up he drove. He fancied himself free of all excitement, felt cool and deliberate. He lifted the stern still more, opened one valve on his left wing, and swept round and up. One of the Ostrogite aeroplanes was driving across his course, so that he drove obliquely towards it, and would pass below it at a steep angle. Its little aeronauts were peering down at him. One he saw held a weapon pointing, seemed prepared to fire. What did they think he meant to do? In a moment he understood their tactics, and his resolution was taken. His momentary lethargy was passed. He opened two more valves to his left, swung round, and on to this hostile machine, closed his valves, shot straight at it, stern and wind-screen shielding him from the shot. They tilted a little as if to clear him. He flung up his stern.

Throb, throb, throb—pause—throb, throb—he set his teeth, his face into an involuntary grimace, and crash! He struck it! He struck upward, beneath the nearer wing.

Very slowly the wing of his antagonist seemed to broaden, as the impetus of his blow turned it up. He saw the full breadth of it, and then it slid downward out of his sight.

He felt his stern going down, his hands tightened on the levers, whirled and rammed the engine back. He felt the jerk of a clearance, the nose of the machine jerked upward steeply, and for a moment he seemed to be lying upon his back. The machinery was reeling and staggering, it seemed to be dancing on its screw. He made a huge effort, hung for a moment on the levers, and slowly the engine came forward again. He was driving upward but no longer so steeply. He gasped for a moment and flung himself at the levers again. The wind whistled about him. One further effort and he was almost level. He could breathe. He turned his head for the first time to see what had become of his antagonists. Turned back to the levers for a moment and looked again. For a moment he could have believed they were annihilated. And then he saw between the two stages to the east was a chasm, and down this something, a slender edge, fell swiftly and vanished, as a sixpence falls down a crack.

At first he did not understand, and then a wild joy possessed him. He shouted at the top of his voice, an inarticulate shout, and drove higher and higher up the

sky. Throb, throb, throb—pause—throb, throb, throb—"Where was the other aeropile?" he thought. "They, too—." As he looked round the empty heavens he had a momentary fear that this machine had risen above him, and then he saw it alighting on the Norwood stage. They had meant shooting. To risk being rammed headlong two thousand feet in the air was beyond their latter-day courage. The combat was declined.

That is the Mr. Wells we value in sensational scientific romance. He alone can do it with real mastery. But for his speculations we cannot care, except when they are on the grand scale, as at the end of *The Time Machine*. The laborious reconstruction of London two hundred years hence is no matter for a novelist with such powers of vivid narration.

Irish Literature.

A Literary History of Ireland. By Douglas Hyde, LL.D. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

A HISTORY of Irish literature! What a subject! Vast and absorbing for the student of history, for the philologist, for the Celt lover, for the specialist in folk-lore, for the historian of paganism and early Christianity, for the ethnologist and archæologist, for the writer on romance, for the Irish patriot! The study of Irish literature pursued ardently by a handful of German scholars, the life-work of a few devoted Irishmen, sneered at by Trinity College, discouraged by latter-day English governments, made penal by Elizabethan and Cromwellian legislators, pooh-poohed by Lord Macaulay, the study of Irish literature opens to us the chief door by which we may penetrate into the non-Romanised pagan culture of Western Europe. The fate of Ireland—to be isolated from the rest of Europe, to be never Romanised, feudalised, never thoroughly conquered, but to preserve right into the seventeenth century the spirit and genius of the early primitive civilisation that prevailed at the coming of Christianity in the fifth century—this fate of the nation it is that gives Irish literature its unique place. Christianity coming in contact with Irish Paganism, and compromising, as is its wont, with its converts, was to assist later at a grand efflorescence of Celtic culture, and the five centuries of Irish literature that preceded the coming of the Normans was devoted to chronicling with immense wealth of detail the *life* of pre-Christian society, and all the mass of concepts, superstitions, manners, laws, and the arts of aristocratic life, that the world of Europe elsewhere absorbed and overlaid with Romanised culture. Always the Irish remained sufficiently outside the European ring of influence to absorb whatever foreign spirit invaded them, and yet sufficiently near Europe to be torn, distracted, and decivilised by the irruption of invaders with civilisations later and more perfected than their own. Thus Ireland has had to pay the heavy penalty of remaining primitive in spirit and organisation, and her spiritual bitterness it is to have had her language proscribed, her literature denied her, her great men made felons, her civilisation, arts, genius derided by a dominating country which owes its greatness to the three successive waves of conquest—Roman, Saxon, and Norman. Small wonder that the Irish poets called the English settlers *churls*, for the Englishman came into Ireland in search of gain, scorning all the traditions of an ancient aristocratic system. Irish learning, hospitality, honour, and courage—the four strongest instincts of the race—were but the possessions of "the Irish savages" in the eyes of the English yeomen. And with the passing of the Irish aristocracy, with the confiscation of their estates, with their emigration to the Continent to take service in foreign armies, with the creation of an anti-Irish upper class, the last hope of Gaelic literature's blossoming anew was cut off. To-day the Irish language is rapidly becoming extinct, killed by the "modern" spirit, after thirteen

hundred years of Irish letters! This is the melancholy end to the story that Dr. Hyde has traced for us in his *Literary History of Ireland*.

What are the distinctive characteristics of Irish literature? Is it for an English critic to say? Can anyone go much further with generalities, in view of the immense bulk of the material half-explored and ill-understood, than did the late Matthew Arnold in his cautious and delicate essay on Celtic literature? The fact is, the day, the task, the opportunity is still for the specialist, so large is the field, so intricate are the problems that ancient Irish literature presents to the critic. Dr. Hyde, in his *Literary History*, has shown great learning, industry, patience, and ingenuity in summarising the conclusions that the ablest scholars have hitherto put forward, and he would be the last man to deny that not till several generations of specialists have come and gone can the literary critic have his say. Yet where Dr. Hyde, himself the chief authority on Irish literature of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, has trusted himself to the deliverance of certain generalities we may safely follow him, and we accordingly quote some of his most interesting conclusions:

I am very much mistaken if, in their early development of rhyme alone, in their masterly treatment of sound, and in their absolutely unique and marvellous system of verse-forms, the Irish will not be found to have created for themselves a place alone and apart in the history of European literatures.

One of the things which has most forcibly struck me is the marked absence of the purely personal note, the absence of great predominating names, or of great predominating works; while just as striking is this almost universal diffusion of a traditional literary taste, and a love of literature in the abstract among all classes of the native Irish. . . . An almost universal acquaintance with a traditional literature was a leading trait among the Irish down to the last century, when every barony and almost every townland still possessed its poet and reciter, and song and recitation, music and oratory were the recognised amusements of nearly the whole population. That population in consequence, so far as wit and readiness of language and power of expression went, had almost all attained a remarkably high level without, however, producing anyone of a commanding eminence.

What, then, are the most striking characteristics of this traditional literature, we may ask, if we shrink from interrogating Irish literature in general as to the secrets the specialist is day by day slowly unlocking? Certainly, an extreme romanticism, an excessive imaginativeness, a love of nature, an intensity of feeling, a passion for elaborate detail, join in its spirit to give its characteristic Irish traits. And thus the literature of the pagan spirit seems strongest and finest when inspired by contact with, or by memory of, its ancient glory: it is, indeed, a traditional literature—the Irish—which has become slowly weakened by the misfortunes of successive ages of invasion, suppression, and the break-up of the tribal system. The finest things in Irish literature are the ancient poems, romances, and sagas. The story of Deirdré and the Epic of the Táin Bo Chuailgne—these products of Irish pagan society, does anything correspond to them in European literature? Nothing. They are unique in their flavour, in the spirit of their poetry; delicate and chivalrous, yet wild, free, and savage in the ideals of the society they represent; there is nothing so unspoiled, so romantic, as these in early European literature. And it is evident that the society which originated and cherished this romantic literature for ages had a sense of beauty which is by no means to be found among all “more advanced” European peoples. Just as the life concepts of a primitive society may be much finer than the life concepts of a commercialised society, so the early literature of a race may contain fine ideals which are crowded out by later developments in its history. Thus to-day the wretched democratic newspaper, the issue of a “practical” age, has driven from Irish house and cabin the flower of Celtic poetry, the romances

and sagas of the old bards. What Irish peasant poetry *was* can be learned by anyone who reads Dr. Hyde’s delightful translations of *The Connacht Love Songs*. Delicacy, natural refinement, and passion breathe in every line of these peasant poems. And the “practical” race that has left no music, no oratory, no poetry among the “people”—the practical race that has ever made material prosperity the outward and visible sign of its inward and spiritual culture—that race has never let its love of art and letters be very apparent in man’s eyes. But with the Irish, with the “mere Irish,” as Dr. Hyde tells us, “the love of literature of a traditional type, in song, in poem, in saga, was more nearly universal in Ireland than in any country of Western Europe.”

A Poet of Mark.

The Field Floridus, and Other Poems. By Eugene Mason. (Grant Richards. 5s.)

OF Mr. Eugene Mason, whose second appearance this is, let it be said at once that there is the poet in him. Few of the pieces in this volume, *The Field Floridus*, are without the touch which lifts them above the commonplace. The question one first asks oneself is, Why he set in the forefront of his book “The Two Tentmakers,” which is nowise the best poem in it? But the answer is soon visible when one has read the volume through. It summarises pithily the whole note of these poems—the double skein which is tangled throughout them. Mr. Mason is ever asking himself, in effect, if the Tentmaker Omar be right, or the Tentmaker Paul, or, indeed, both, or, peradventure, neither? He inclines strongly, one would say naturally, to the doctrine of Omar as understood and expounded by FitzGerald; yet every now and again with a glance towards the other, the poetic-religious view of the world, and a half-wish that it might be true. So that one has strange contradictions, pieces full of sensuous naturalism jostling others of religious fervour—the contrast, more accentuated, which exists, with less contradiction, in Rossetti. Nevertheless, Mr. Mason is not likely to be among the prophets. The very power of him is an eye for external, pictorial beauty, with a palette of words capable of glowing representation. Sensuous, in his most striking poems, he is. In one, to our feeling, he gets beyond the boundary, and produces a distressing sensation of the sensual—which may, perhaps, be an accident of art, a slip of excess in handling his colours upon a theme needing a nice sense of abstinence. The best example of his most characteristic style is “A Satyr.” There is something of Keats in the colouring; in the way, also, that the theme is *felt* and imagined, with fulness of illusive phantasy. Mr. Mason has got *into* his satyr; makes us see through his eyes, and experience through his senses. Let us pick a few stanzas:

Within this chilly woodland place,
This maze of tangled stem and shoot,
In rough green moss I hide my face
And couch upon the sinewy root.
So thick the leaves, so gross the dark,
So thin the day that filters through,
The peering sun can hardly mark
How snug I lie perdu.

So close I lie, that overhead
From bough to bough the squirrels leap;
Shy, furry creatures lose their dread
And o’er my prostrate body creep.
The dryad and the oread pass,
They flit between the aged trees,
Their rustling footsteps stir the grass,
They vanish—no one sees.

At times a hurrying rumour thrills
The startled land at evenfall,
A glow of fire on distant hills,
The murmur of the Bacchanal.
They come, they come! loud grows the din,
The choric song, the tipsy shout,
The conch and beaten tambourin,
Silenus and his rout.

All night, with torches, round the vat
Dance reeling satyrs, drenched with wine;
They rend the kid and burn the fat,
They twist the maenad's hair with vine.
And when the stars grow pale above,
And all things shiver to the dawn,
They mingle in their rustic love
The goat-foot and the faun.

That lives to its finger-tips, and might hang as a minor pendant to the magnificent Bacchic hymn of Keats in *Endymion*. It is an excellent specimen of a book which has decided poetic mark, and justifies us in expecting from Mr. Mason even better things to come.

A Greater Briton.

The Romance of a Great Pro-Consul. By James Milne. (Chatto & Windus.)

This is not an ordinary biography; Mr. Milne has Boswellised to some purpose: he reports Sir George Grey's talks with himself, describes the man in the flesh, and brings us very near to the solemn and winning personality of his "Great Pro-Consul." "We wrote things," says Mr. Milne, "he inspiring, I setting down, and . . . 'Oh, well,' quoth he, 'let's try and gather together what may be fresh or suggestive in my experiences, and yours be the blame. Whatever you do you must have a certain spirit of action—you know what I mean!—or nobody will look at it. You'll need to whisk along.'" It is, perhaps, in the effort to "whisk along" that Mr. Milne drops into a style which we find occasionally open to objection. It is often vivid, and always terse; but sometimes these qualities are pushed to a point where they result in awkwardness or a trying unexpectedness of phrase. On this fault we will not dwell. It is more to the point to say that Mr. Milne is full of his subject, and that he carves away at his effigy with a certain glowing industry and care which are not lost on the reader.

Sir George Grey sailed from Plymouth in a sailing ship on the day that the Queen succeeded to the throne, and returned, finally, to the same port, fifty-seven years later, in a New Zealand liner. In New Zealand, in Australia, in Cape Colony, Sir George Grey had wrestled with the half-taught peoples; and it was Froude who saw those fifty-seven years as "a romance." Nor could Sir George have been blind to the purple streak in his career. Mr. Milne says:

The poetry of Sir George's nature flavoured his language alike in manner of delivery and turn of phrase. He had a quaint old-world style; it fell slowly, in a low, soothing voice. He might have spent his days in the cloister rather than in the din of hammering up hearths for the Anglo-Saxon. Perhaps it was that he had talked so long to the hills of Oceana, catching their simplicity and music. You were reminded of the measured English of an old and lovable book, just as you grew used to read in his face what he was to say before the words had begun to flow. Never was there a face more quick to reflect the mind, more pliable to humour, more luminous at some stirring idea or deed, more indignant at the bare notion of a wrong inflicted, softer at the call of sympathy.

Mr. Milne remarks that "the chief secret of his personality seemed to rest in his eyes, and it was in them that you met the dreamer of dreams." The frontispiece

portrait of Sir George Grey bears this out in a remarkable manner. Mr. Milne continues:

In those depths, blue as a summer sky, were many lights, which caught Robert Louis Stevenson and were comprehended of him. The return observation was: "I never met anybody with such a bright, at moments almost weird, genius-gifted eye as that of Stevenson." Sir George could fire imagination in the most ordinary mortal, carrying him off into enchanted realms. He sailed to strange skies, a knight-errant of a star, and he could tow the masses with him. He lifted them out of themselves, and put a label on their vague yearnings. They had imagination, the instinct upward, and were grateful to have it discovered.

The secrets of Sir George's success are given away royally. His own comment on his "getting always what I wanted in life" was: "It may be because all my life I made it a rule not to let anything turn me aside from what I had immediately in hand. If you set out for a place with some definite object in view, your road should be the most direct one." Referring to his dealings with inferior peoples, he said: "The way to adopt with natives was to show them how to obtain more food. Benefit them in that manner and they will regard you as their friend, and you would have influence over them. I always paid a native for doing unskilled work the wage a white man would have received for the same effort. It was mere justice." The book is full of anecdotes, and the Maori pages are alight with adventure and peril and forlorn hope.

A strong figure, fatherly in its goodness, gentleness, noble in its ripeness—a big, slow man born and sworn to the work of empire-making, loving books and ideas and good talk, but carrying his New Testament with him over land and sea, and reading it—such was Sir George Grey. England easily bred him.

Fiction.

Ragged Lady. By W. D. Howells. (Harpers. 6s.)

THIS is another of those laboriously minute stories of middle-class American life which Mr. Howells spends his life in narrating, and of reading which we, at least, never tire. It is true that at any moment the book can be laid aside in favour of another occupation; but before the end to drop it altogether would be impossible. A sense of guilt would be ours were we to do so, as though a necessary social duty had been omitted, or an acquaintance unkindly treated. And yet the characters are not very interesting, their conversations are not witty, their actions are commonplace. Why, then, do we persevere? The reason is, the author. Mr. Howells is a master, and the master, no matter what his medium, always commands respect or admiration. In selection of material and in arrangement thereof Mr. Howells never falters. The result may be tame enough, in all conscience, when we compare it with a novel by a great ironist like Mr. Hardy, or a great humorist like Mr. Meredith; and yet Mr. Howells is on an eminence too, and, in his comfortable, patient, undeviating way, as fine an artist as they. The book before us is superb art.

We are convinced that if Mr. Howells took his calling less seriously, he would have in a moment ten times more readers than are his now. In *Ragged Lady*, for example, there are hundreds of openings for the exercise of that dry and genial humour which he possesses in an unusual degree. Another writer would have taken them and made a book of rollicking pleasantry. But Mr. Howells has a literary conscience that will not tolerate any laxity; hence he resisted all such temptations, and the book remains only moderately interesting, and yet an almost perfect story.

Mr. Howells has consciously striven to make himself a great novelist; and one of his steps to that end is the

elimination of himself. The reader of *Ragged Lady* knows nothing of Mr. Howells. He is infinitely obliged to him for presenting the story so clearly, and seeing that nothing in the nature of a hitch shall interrupt the narrative; and that is all. It is this suppression of self, and this choice of plain homespun subject-matter, which conspire to keep Mr. Howells's public in this country a small one. For most of us want in novels something better than life: either an intensity of action and thought beyond normal experience, or normal happenings over which the glamour of a striking personality—the author's—has been thrown. Mr. Howells, by offering neither of these, escapes from everyday affairs, appeals only to two sets of readers, and those not large ones—the readers who admire exquisite craftsmanship, art so perfect as to conceal itself; and the readers who really want a story of commonplace American life.

To us *Ragged Lady* has more attraction than many of Mr. Howells's books. It contains the portrait, most dexterously and delicately painted, of a beautiful New England girl, Clementina Claxon. The book shows her triumphant emergence from relations with selfish and worldly persons, both at home and abroad. That is almost all that there is to say; and to quote is impossible, for Mr. Howells's stories are not a matter of individual pages and purple patches.

The Philosophy of the Marquise. By Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

THIS brief novel, not too coherent in the matter of narrative, is written partly in letters and partly in dialogue with stage directions. Both methods are clumsy when, as here, they are strained to purposes beyond their limitations. Mrs. Lowndes has tried to combine social sketches with a melodramatic story, and we do not think she has made a success of it. The death of Lord Dovemere and the action of the Marquise de Rabutin appear in a light obscure and puzzling, and, indeed, to present them effectively with such means as Mrs. Lowndes has used would demand a far higher technique than hers. On the other hand, the light social sketches are agreeable and neatly mordant. Once or twice Mrs. Lowndes goes somewhat daringly down into Fleet-street, and each time the result is piquancy. Here is a fragment of a dialogue in which the principal speaker is the Cerberus of that great evening paper, the *Trafalgar Flag*:

MR. SPOONER (*pricking up his ears*): Eh, what? What exclusive?

SAMPSON (*mysteriously*): Ah, that would be telling! You wait for our fourth. No copyright in news. It'll be on every bill this afternoon. Still, we'll have made our scoop first. (*Importantly*) We've a reputation to keep up. We ain't swells for nothing. This is where we romps in. Lords and ladies pervide our copy, ay, and gets jolly well paid for it, they does.

MR. SPOONER (*incautiously*): Why, I thought it was a butler who—

SAMPSON (*disguised*): A butler! Good Lord, ain't you more of a journalist than that comes to? (*With ineffable contempt*) A butler! Don't you believe it. A butler spells something very different, I can tell you. All very well for them 'apenny papers, I daresay. No, Mr. Spooner, sir, I am here to see and not see, to hear and not hear. Would you be surprised to learn that a great many exclusives reaches us *vid* the fair sex? Not lady journalists, bless you, no! You gentlemen 'ave nothing to be afraid of there. Not but what they're sharp sometimes. The other day I 'ear one of them saying, "Oh yes," she says, "I 'ave 'eard that printers use dreadful language." "Well," says he (our Mr. Kerr, you know), "they do occasionally swear awful, specially when they've got Sir William 'Arcourt's manuscript. Sich blasphemy would 'orriify 'Arcourt," he says very serious. "Ow," she says, "I didn't know you 'ad much of 'is copy about." Mr. Kerr, 'e didn't 'arf like that. . . .

It is clever journalism, and that phrase may be applied to the whole book.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

BOTH GREAT AND SMALL.

BY A. E. J. LEGGE.

Another lengthy and careful novel by the author of *Mutineers*. In the first chapter we meet with the Reverend John Felsted, "one of those rare individuals who do not make full use of their intellectual credit," and he remarks incidentally that religious novels are often more novel than religion. The book promises well. (Lane. 6s.)

STUFF O' THE CONSCIENCE.

BY LILY THICKNESSE.

A long, sober, and well-written story of unhappy loves and the mercilessness of fate. The end is unhappy: Roland, who loved Benita, but loved her in vain, because she was another's, retired from office and went a-travelling. (Harpers. 6s.)

TRANSGRESSION.

BY S. S. THORBURN.

The author obligingly places several mottoes on his title-page as a foretaste of his story: "To resist temptation that is virtue." "Husbands love your wives, wives submit yourselves to your husbands." "With the Afghans successful treachery is the whole art of war." (Pearson. 6s.)

ROSE DEANE.

BY EMMA MARSHALL.

A posthumous story by the author of so many popular books. This is another simple domestic tale, quiet and pathetic. (Arrowsmith. 5s.)

THE CAPTAIN OF THE LOCUSTS.

BY A. WERNER.

The second volume in the "Over-Seas Library." The first oscillated between South America and Scotland; this is of Cape Colony. "And you, Mwalimu—if your mates do not forthwith sit down, and lay aside their spears, I will report them to the Mzungu at Nziza, and they shall only receive half their pay." And so forth, all briskly and brightly and vigorously done. (Unwin. 2s.)

THE "SATELLITE'S" STOWAWAY.

BY HARRY LANDER.

The *Satellite* was bound for Hong Kong and manned by the ruffians who always man ships in modern marine fiction. The stowaway was a young woman named Iverna Cargyl, and on her appearance chivalry was born here and there among the crew. A bright but machine-made story, and very free in its language. (Chapman & Hall. 3s. 6d.)

STARS AND STRIPES.

BY J. M. BAIGENT.

The title is symbolical, but not of America. There are italics on almost every page of this undisciplined narrative, which is a blend of piety and sentiment. The end is peace. (Digby, Long. 6s.)

MORGAN HAILSHAM.

BY F. C. CONSTABLE.

A story, by the author of *Aunt Judith's Island*, of a clever forgery and its consequences, one of which was the humanising of the heroine. The crime is ingeniously conceived and its detection affords good entertainment, with humorous interludes. (Richards. 6s.)

WILLOWWOOD.

BY ESTHER MILLER.

The title is from Rossetti, and the book is an unsparing analysis of the feelings of a woman who has walked in Willowwood. It is tragic, and the author has read Ibsen, but—"They were wiping up the blood in Rutherford's spare room meanwhile. It was very unpleasant. The man's brains had even spattered the Liberty paper on the walls." (Harpers. 6s.)

ANNA MARSDEN'S EXPERIMENT.

BY E. WILLIAMS.

A story of journalists, playwrights, and morbid young women. The experiment was donning trousers. (Greening. 2s. 6d.)

